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Maritana - 1867

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FROM
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES II, King of Spain.

DON JOSE DE SANTAREM, his Minister.

DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

MARQUIS DE MONTEFIORI.

LAZARILLO.

ALCALDE.

CAPTAIN OF GUARDS.

MARITANA, a Gitana.

MARCHIONESS DE MONTEFIORI.

Nobles, Alguazils, Soldiers, Men-at-Arms, Populace, Gipsies.

SCENE—MADRID.

PLOT OF THE OPERA.

In a public square of the city of Madrid, a band of Gitanos or Gipsies are levying contributions on the populace, in recompense for the songs and dances they amuse them with. With this tribe is a young girl of extraordinary beauty of person, and a vocalist of more than common talent. The gay King, Charles the Second of Spain, has seen her, and is smitten with her charms. At the end of one of her lays he gives her a coin of value, and hastens away; but his disguise does not conceal him from the keen eyes of Don Jose, his minister, who, to carry out his own designs upon the Queen, resolves to aid in converting the fair young Gipsy to the purposes of the King. He praises her beauty, excites her ambition, and awakens in her heart hopes of future grandeur and prosperity. At this moment Don Cæsar de Bazan comes reeling from a tavern, where he has lost his last maravedi to gamblers. His costume, once rich, is now ragged and dirty; his handsome person bears marks of dissipation and poverty, yet in his air and bearing there is still something noble and prepossessing. Don Jose and he have been friends in brighter days, and recognizing each other, Don Cæsar briefly recapitulates the downward steps that have led him to his present condition. Lazarillo, a poor forlorn boy, who has just attempted to destroy himself, now attracts Don Cæsar's attention, and tells him the story of his wrongs. Don Cæsar becomes his friend, and is soon embroiled in a quarrel, which leads to a duel. Now an edict has been passed to punish with death all who engage in that mode of settling disputes, and Don Cæsar is arrested and conveyed to prison, while Don Jose promises Maritana an introduction to Court on the morrow.

At the commencement of the Second Act we find Don Cæsar asleep in prison, while the boy Lazarillo watches near him. Don Cæsar is condemned to die at seven, and the hands of the clock point to five as he awakes; but two hours' life remain to him; yet he is gay, and ridicules all attempts to condole with him. Don Jose now enters, and professing friendship for Don Cæsar, makes a proposition to him whereby his wish to die a soldier's death may be gratified, on one condition—namely, that he shall marry! The alternative is, to be hanged like a dog, or be married, and afterwards shot like a gentleman. For the last named privilege, Don Cæsar consents to suffer matrimony for an hour and three-quarters. The Don assumes gay apparel for his wedding, and partakes of a banquet in honor of his nuptials. The preparations for his execution in military style proceed, but Lazarillo adroitly abstracts the messengers of death. At length the hour arrives, and Don Cæsar is led forth to be shot, as the Scene changes to a Saloon in the Palace Montefiori, in which a festival is at its height. In the midst of the revelry a volley of musketry is heard at a distance; this startles the guests, but the dance is soon resumed.

Don Jose, ever intent on the consummation of his deep-laid plans against the honor of the Queen, introduces Maritana to the Marquis and Marchioness de Montefiori, and they, being his dependants, agree to introduce her to the King as their long-lost niece. The King makes warm and passionate professions to Maritana, and Don Jose promises to ensure their meeting at an appointed hour. As the King retires, Don Cæsar, disguised as a monk, joins the revelers and claims of Don Jose his wife! Don Jose is confounded, but prompt in stratagems, he contrives to introduce the ugly old Marchioness to Don Cæsar as his bride. Of course, Don Cæsar is horror-struck! He repudiates her, but still believes himself deceived; and, hearing the voice of Maritana, he is confirmed in his belief. He becomes enraged, and demands his true wife. Don Jose orders his arrest, and that also of Maritana, and these two are borne away in different directions as the Second Act ends.

The unhappy Maritana now pines in a villa belonging to the King, and Don Jose still secretly carries on his base designs against her honor, so that the King's infidelity may serve him as a stepping-stone to the Queen's favor. But Maritana is pure, and disregards all the King's proffers of wealth and luxury. Don Cæsar again arrives at a fortunate moment in search of his wife, and encountering the King, whom he does not recognize, a most amusing interview follows. The King is called away in haste, and Maritana and Don Cæsar meet; their love is mutual, and the plot of Don Jose is overthrown. His treason to the King, and intended villainy to the Queen, become apparent. Don Jose falls beneath Don Cæsar's sword. Don Cæsar secures his bride, and an appointment as Governor at a distant Court beyond the reach of his creditors. W. C.

MARITANA.

Act the First.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Square in Madrid—People following Maritana, *who is singing—The* King, *dressed in black, is amongst them; he wears a dark mantle, in which he envelopes himself, to the* L. *of* Maritana, *whom he appears to contemplate with devotion.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Sing, pretty maiden, sing
That lovely song again;
Sing, pretty maiden, sing
The thrilling airs of Spain:
Sing of love and beauty,
Bow'r and tented plain—
Sing, sweet Maritana,
Sing that song again!
Sing, sing, Gitana!

ROMANZA—Maritana.

It was a knight of princely mien,
One blue and golden day,
Came riding through the forest green
That round his castle lay;
And there heard he a gipsy maid
Her songs of love reveal:
Like a spirit of light
She enchanted the knight—
'Twas a *king!*

Cho. 'Twas a king!

Mar. 'Twas the King of Castile!

Cho. Sing, sing, Maritana—
No delay,
No delay,
Love's minstrel, Maritana!
He will pay,
Thus we pay. (*Giving her money.*)

Mar. Her beauty's blaze, her magic tone,
His lost heart fled in vain;
And soon he raised her to a throne,
O'er fair Castile to reign.

And so it chanced, a gipsy maid,
As legends old reveal,
From enchanting the throng
With one beautiful song,
Was a queen!

Cho. Was a queen!

Mar. Yes, the Queen of Castile!

Cho. So of old then it befell
Just as you the story tell?
Brava, brava! Maritana!
It befell
Then as you tell, &c.

King, (*with passion.*) How beautiful she is!

[*Enter* Don Jose.]

Don J. (*advancing.*) He! It is the third time I have discovered him on this spot.

Mar. (*to the King.*) Good signor, haven't you a single maravedi at the bottom of your purse? it might better requite a poor singer than those forlorn looks.

[*The* King *gives her money, then exits hastily.*

A quadruple of gold! I can scarcely believe I am not dreaming again.

Don J. You have received a good offering this morning, eh, my little siren?

Mar. Yes, a golden quadruple! He must be some very rich man!

(*Looking after the King.*)

Don J. Very; Don Rafal d'Arpinas, the most opulent gentleman in Spain. (*Aside.*) Your Majesty's secret is worth possessing. I shall improve my acquaintance with this handsome Gitana; her star is in the ascendant. (*Aloud.*) So, my little mountain fairy, what song will you sing *me* for the fellow to that golden piece which glitters still in your pretty hand?

Mar. Sing? Anything, signor—what shall it be?

Don J. Let me recollect. Oh, the legend which you warbled to the Queen yesterday; her Majesty stopped her carriage to listen to you, I was told.

Mar. That is no more than truth, signor.

Don J. It must have been an interesting ditty.

Mar. A mere romance, popular in Madrid, said often to have been heard at midnight in some old ruined palace of the Moorish kings, far over the mountains yonder: they call it the "Harp in the Air."

Don J. By all means sing it.

Mar. Willingly, signor; but I must first summon my attendant spirits.

(*Beckoning forward the Gipsies for chorus.*)

ROMANZA.

I hear it again—
'Tis the harp in the air!
It hangs on the walls
Of the old Moorish halls;
Though none knew its minstrel,
Or how it came there.
Listen! listen!
'Tis the harp in the air!

It telleth of days that are faded and gone;
It tells of the brave,
Of the lovely and fair,
Of a warrior's grave,
Of a maiden's despair!
There! there! (*Harp.*)
List, pilgrim, list!—'tis the harp in the air!

Cho. There! there!
Stay, pilgrim, &c., &c.

Mar. You'll hear it at night,
When the moon shineth bright;
You'll hear it at dawn
In the grey twilight;
Though none knew its minstrel,
Or how it came there.
Listen! listen!
'Tis the harp in the air!
It telleth of days that are faded and gone;
It tells of a knight,
Of a young Moorish maid,
Of a broken plight,
And a heart betrayed!
There! there! (*Harp.*)
List, pilgrim, list!—'tis the harp in the air!

Cho. There! there!
Stay, pilgrim, &c., &c.

Don J. Brava! bravá! take the recompense your sweet song richly deserves.

Mar. Another golden quadruple! See, friends, I shall be affluent, indeed! Oh, thanks, thanks, signor! (*Chimes heard.*) Ah! the Angelus! Such good fortune should admonish us to be doubly devout.

(*They kneel.*)

ANGELUS.

Angels, that around us hover,
Guard us till the close of day!
Our heads, oh, let your white wings cover,
See us kneel, and hear us pray!
Angels, that above us hover,
Guard us through another day.

[*All exeunt except* MARITANA, *who remains still on her knees, looking at the piece of gold in her lap.*

Don J. Why do you sigh in contemplating your gains?

Mar. Because they are still too little or too much, signor.

Don J. What mean you?

Mar. Too much for remunerating songs of a poor Gitana, and too little to confirm the dreams of splendor which nightly occupy my slumbers.

Don J. Ah! a Gitana then has her dreams of greatness?

Mar. Yes, I fancy myself in a gilded coach, glittering with jewels! Oh, I despair of such visionary promises ever coming to pass! I—feathers—diamonds! Ha! ha! ha!

DUETTO—MARITANA *and* DON JOSE.

Mar. Of fairy wand had I the power,
Some palace bright my home should be,
By marble fount, in orange bow'r,
Dancing to music's melody.
Tra, la, ra, la, tral, lal, &c.

Don J. Those lovely eyes, those ruby lips,
Might win a brighter home for thee;
Than crystal hall, where fairy trips
Lightly to echo's minstrelsy.
(*Mocking.*) Tra, la, la, la, tral, lal, &c.

Mar. Of fairy wand
Had I command,
At moonlit hour,
In silken bower,
To music's note,
On air I'd float,
In golden sheen
And jewels gay
Of pleasure, Queen—
I'd laugh and sing,
And dance and play.
Tra, la, la, la, &c.

Don J. Those sparkling eyes
Are brighter prize
Than gems that glow
On kingly brow.
Of those avail
Ere yet they fade,
For joy will quail
When time's o'ershade;
Then laugh while love
And beauty aid.
(*Mocking.*) Tra, la, la, la, &c.

Mar. (*aside.*) Deems he, as others oft have done,
My wild fantastic thoughts are vain;
Chimeras all, now here, now gone,
As visions rise and fade again.

Don J. (*aside.*) Thus woman's heart is ever bought,
If gold but gleam within her eyes;
So, by the flame, the moth is caught,
Burneth its giddy wing, and dies.

RECITATIVE—DON JOSE.

Think of the splendor—the glory—
The bright career which waiteth thy future steps,
One round of triumph!

ENSEMBLE.

Mar. Of fairy wand, &c.
Don J. Those sparkling eyes, &c.

Don J. (*aside.*) The little vain coquette!

Mar. You laugh at my folly, signor?

Don J. Not in the least: what better to command wealth than such a passport of beauty?

Mar. Ah, signor, now, indeed, I know you are jesting with me!

(*Cry without of "the Queen."*)

Listen! There's the Queen passing through the grand square; if I could only attract her notice again! Adieu, signor; ambitious as I am, I can still remember to be grateful.

[*Exit singing, "Of fairy wand, &c.*, L.

Don J. Au revoir, la belle Maritana! Yes, yes, your aspiring dreams will come to pass, since, through your influence over the heart of the King, Don Jose

looks to realize his own over that of the neglected Queen. Once persuaded of her husband's infidelity, might not the incensed wife be induced to look, even from her throne, for an object worthy of assisting her just revenge? then? Don Jose—yes, yes, Maritana, your dreams *will* come to pass, and speedily! (*Noise.*) Ah! whom have we here?

[*Enter* DON CÆSAR, *from an Hotel of somewhat humble description, evidently a little inebriated.*]

Don C. Miserable knaves! why, they cheat at cards without conscience, as if they were privileged, like our nobles of Madrid. Oh, if it were no dishonor to my sword to chastise such canaille! Robbed, plundered of my last maravedi! I shall sup upon cold air to-night, and sleep—where I shall have the whole blue expanse above for my bed-curtains! Ha! ha! ha!

Don J. Am I mistaken? no, it is Don Cæsar de Bazan!

Don C. Don Jose de Santarem?

Don J. The same. It is long since we met, Don Cæsar; you have been some time absent from Madrid?

Don C. On my travels.

Don J. They say travel changes a man. (*Regarding him.*)

Don C. And his apparel? (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha!

Don J. Your noble father left you a high name and a brilliant inheritance.

Don C. The name I still bear; the inheritance benefits mankind.

Don J. You had numerous followers!

Don C. So I have still—*creditors!* Go wherever I may, *they* are *sure* to follow me; and, as I am very fond of change, by my valor, but I give them some trouble to run after me. Ha! ha! ha!

CAVATINA—DON CÆSAR.

All the world over,
All the world over,
To love!
To drink!
To fight!
I delight!
Drink with the father,
Woo with the daughter,
Fight with the lover—
Wing'd like the swallow, where spring flowers invite.
By changing the scene,
All, all is serene,
And skies calmly blue,
Bright, bright as the dew,
For me ever shine,
I'm always resigned,
Wherever I find—
War!
Woman—
Or Wine!
All the world over, &c.

Creditors truly,
Sometimes unruly,
Perplex,
Torment,
Complain,
But in vain,

However they vast be,
Sorrows ne'er last me,
Though down they cast me.
Light as a ball I rebound again!
By changing the scene,
When griefs intervene,
Your sky's ever blue,
Your life ever new;
And, like Don Cæsar,
Each care you'll resign,
Wherever combine—
War!
Woman—
Or Wine!
All the world over, &c.

Don J. And what happy event has restored you to your native city?

Don C. Hope! the rainbow, hope! that my creditors were all dead. Alas! creditors, like the imperishable laurel, never die! But, tell me, what news here? drink they the same, and fight as many duels as formerly?

Don J. Duels have become rare in Madrid since the edict of the King.

Don C. What edict?

Don J. One which decrees that all who fight with the sword shall be shot, except the duel take place during Holy Week, then the survivor is condemned to be——

Don C. What?

Don J. Hanged.

Don C. Um! if I mistake not, Holy Week commenced to-day?

Don J. Exactly so.

Don C. Then I must keep out of a passion. Hanged! I shouldn't survive the disgrace. (*Noise without.*) Ha! ha! ha! What is all this?

[*Enter* Lazarillo *and* Boatman.]

Boat. Foolish boy! I insist on conducting you to your friends.

Laz. Why did you prevent me drowning myself? I wish to die.

Don C. Eh! Die at your age? Drown yourself? *You* cannot have many creditors, surely?

Laz. No, signor; but I am apprenticed to a stern master—an armorer—who, under pretence that the corslets were not kept bright, beat me again to-day.

Don Cæsar. Again! Hath he beaten thee ere now?

Laz. Yes, signor, frequently, till I can no longer endure it. I prefer death! (*Terrified.*) Ah! they come to arrest me.

Don C. (*opposing himself.*) Fear nothing. I'll interpose.

Laz. Alas! that captain will not hear of pity.

Don C. I shall defend you with my sword. (*Touching his sword-hilt.*)

Don J. (*putting his hand on his arm.*) Recollect! Holy-week!

[Captain *and* Soldiers *enter, and the* Mob *return.*]

CONCERTED PIECE.

Capt. See, the culprit, quick, arrest him!

Don C. Stay! one word, ere you molest him!
Noble Captain, brave sir, hear me,
Stay thy rage or learn to fear me!

Capt. Why my orders disobey you?
Laz. Mercy! mercy!
Don C. List, I pray you!
If a mere child's poor entreaty,
Fail to move that heart of thine;
If his voice excite no pity,
Brother soldier, list to mine.
Capt. Come, your duty quickly seek.
Prayers and tears won't make me civil:
Don C. (*suppressing himself.*)
Oh! if 'twere not Holy-week,
Him I'd send to the devil;
Gallant captain?
Capt. Loose my cloak!
Don C. Rage consumes me! I shall choke!
Laz. Mercy!
Capt. Come, your duty seek:
Don C. Oh, if 'twere not Holy-week!
Capt. Quick! if you'd escape the lash!
Laz. Stay, this cruel anger, stay!
Pity and forgiveness pray:
Ne'er again will I be rash,
Pity and withhold the lash.
Don C. Out his cursed brains I'll dash!
Don J. With the boy do not be rash!
Capt. March!
Don C. Must I this scorn—one word?
Capt. Mendicant, be not absurd!
Don C. "Men"—I vengeance instant wreak,
Oh! if it were not Holy-week!
Capt. Thou threat'nest, insolent!
Don C. Beware!
Still to provoke me do not dare,
Lest on the spot—(*grasping sword*) great captain—I
Kill thee outright.
Capt. Hence, miscreant, fly!
Don C. (*proudly, with dignity.*)
Know, sir, who I am;
Count de Garofa,
Don Cæsar de Bazan;
Who, in the presence of his monarch,
Covered, hath a right to appear.
You have insulted me beyond all bearing,
Redress I seek. (*Draws sword.*)
Hence, to the devil, with the Holy-week,
Thus I chastise thy daring, (*strikes him with his sword.*)
Capt. A challenge, vengeance! (*Draws.*)
Don C. A challenge, forward.

ENSEMBLE.

Don C. Oh! you soon shall bite the dust,
Honor's debt is quickly staid:
Oh! that by a cut and thrust,
Dunning creditors were paid.
Capt. Come, you will not prove the first
Braggart, whom this blade hath staid;
Only with a single thrust,
Your account is quickly paid.

Laz. Oh! forbear, indeed you must;
Be this frightful quarrel staid,
If for me your life were lost,
Ever more would grief upbraid.

Don J. Don't forget before you thrust,
Holy-week who dares invade,
Be his quarrel e'er so just,
By the halter will be paid.

Cho. See this combat, all now must,
Blow for blow, and blade to blade;
Happy he who falls the first,
Conquest by the hangman paid.

[*Exeunt all but* DON JOSE, L.

Don J. Have a care, my worthy captain; Don Cæsar is a dead thrust. I would not give a single marevedi for *your* share of daylight to-morrow.

[*Enter* MARITANA, *joyfully.*]

Mar. (*singing, as she went out.*) You here still, signor? Ah, I have seen our beautiful queen looking so amiable! Diamonds, too, glittering brilliantly! Delightful!

Don J. (*aside.*) This Gitana! who knows?—that fool, Don Cæsar, too—they might be rendered subservient to my purpose! (*To Maritana.*) Still dreaming of greatness, eh?

Mar. Ah, signor, if I had but your opportunity of going to court, and seeing all the splendor—why you might speak to the king?

Don J. I prefer speaking to you.

Mar. Me! The time is badly chosen just now, for here are numbers of people who will require of me to tell their fortunes. Shall I tell your's signor?

Don J. By-and-by, (*apart*) anon you shall learn your own.

[*Enter* PEOPLE.]

CHORUS.

Pretty Gitana, tell us
What the Fates decree?
Pretty Gitana, tell us,
Shall we happy be?
Shall I married be?
Shall I wealthy be?

Mar. Yes, yes, the language of the skies,
With ease can I impart!
But plainer read, in starry eyes,
The language of the heart!
With whom begins the charm?

Cho. With me!
With me!

Mar. Young soldier, first your palm
Let me see?

Sold. Willingly.

Mar. You love a pretty dame?

Sold. That's true.

Mar. You are to blame!
Beware of wooing
An old man's wife!

Her youth and beauty
Will cause you strife!

(*The* SOLDIER *turns away confused.*)

Cho. Beware of wooing,
Ha! ha! ha!

Mar. Who next pursues the charm?

Cho. Tell me!
Tell me!

Mar. (*to an old man.*) Good father, now your palm!

Old man. Cheerfully.

Mar. You have a handsome bride?

Old man. That's true.

Mar. Of beauty she's the pride.
When weak old dotards
To young maids wed,
Young men do, *sometimes*,
Make love instead!

Old man. Bah!

(*As he turns away, the people laugh.* *Exit* OLD MAN.)

Cho. When weak old dotards, &c.

Don J. In turn, what say you?
Shall I tell your fortune?

Mar. (*smiling.*) With all my heart!

Don J. Attend, I pray you;—
It is, indeed, your fortune
I now impart!
To you I promise rank!—a carriage!—
A splendid equipage—a speedy marriage!

Mar. Marriage!
Oh, joy! all! all! my heart desires!
Gladly I hear the stars' decree;
Only I fear this sunny hope
Is far too bright, too bright for me.

(DON JOSE *and* MARITANA, *repeating with delight.*)

And more than that, within { thy / my } hand,
Almost a sceptre,—high command!
A princely heart—a palace home—
The mirror'd hall—the glittering dome!

Don J. You seem amazed! Indeed,
I tell but what's decreed,—
As you shall see!

Mar. Decreed by whom?

Don J. By me!

Mar. By thee?

Don J. Yes! by me! &c. (*Da capo.*)

FINALE.

[*Enter* DON CÆSAR, LAZARILLO, ALCALDE, SOLDIERS, *and* PEOPLE.]

Don C. Farewell, my valiant captain!
I told you how 'twould be;
You'll not forget, brave captain,
The lesson due to me!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
I told you how 'twould be.

Laz. (*troubled.*) The Alcalde, and the soldiers
You they seek, I fear.
Don C. Then I another journey
Must take, that's pretty clear.

ENSEMBLE.

Alc. Stay! in the name of the king
I you arrest, sir, stay!
Your sword at once resign,
And now the laws obey.
Don J. Sir, the laws obey;
Your sword at once resign.
Don C. Well, in the name of the king,
Since you arrest, I stay;
My sword I thus resign,
And now the laws obey.
Cho. Why, in the name of the king,
A noble count thus stay?
We Don Cæsar defend,
If he the word but say.
Mar. 'Midst of this tumult and strife,
Scarce half awake I seem;
(*To Jose.*) The words that you have said
Still paint the pleasing dream.
Don J. Yes, by the name of the king,
Swear I the sunny dream,
Whene'er thou wak'st again,
Shall on thee brightly beam.
Don C. (*to People.*) Desist, I pray,
Alc. The laws obey!
Don C. Yes, I obey.
Alc. Away!
People. Stay, stay!
Don C. No, I obey,
Away.
Mar. To-morrow, I shall be a duchess!
Don C. To-morrow, I, no doubt, shall swing!
Don J. Yes, too certain, that your fate is!
Alc. March, by order of the king!
Mar. Ah! what here do I behold?
Free the gallant captive, pray;
I to-morrow shall have gold—
Gladly I'll his ransom pay.
Don C. Gen'rous creature, they'll not hear you.
Mar. I'll with gold to-morrow pay.
Don C. All good angels hover near you.
Alc. Cease this folly—on, away?

MARITANA, LAZARILLO, *and* CHORUS.

Oh misfortune! for this quarrel
Must his life ignobly pay?
Don J. I forewarn'd him, for this quarrel
He with life must surely pay!
Don C. All must die of something some day,
'Tis a debt we all must pay.

Alc. Away! cease this folly, and away!
He with life must surely pay.

Cho. Stay! stay!

Don C. No—I obey!
Away, &c.

[*They march him out* R., MARITANA, *&c., exeunt* L. *and back.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Interior of a Fortress—A window at back, opened, shows a clock (with the hour-hand at five) on a neighboring tower—Doors R. *and* L. *and old settle near window* L. DON CÆSAR *is discovered asleep on a couch,* LAZARILLO *near him—Chimes of a clock heard.*

ARIA—LAZARILLO.

Alas! those chimes so sweetly pealing,
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like Pity's voice revealing
To the dying, "Death is near!"
Still he slumbers—how serenely!
Not a sigh disturbs his rest:
Oh, that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest!

Don C. (*waking.*) Ha! thou boy, tell me what o'clock is't?

(*Lazarillo, troubled, points to clock.*)

Still two hours to live. Deuce! what made me wake so early? Dreaming, too, my creditors were all transported to the moon. Ha! ha! still two hours! Boy, how shall I pass the time?

Laz. Signor?

Don C. If but two hours of life were thy whole remain of grief or joy in this world,—answer me truly, scapegrace,—how wouldst employ thyself, eh?

Laz. (*bowing.*) Pardon, signor, I would send for a priest, and confess my sins.

Don C. Ha! ha! What! confess *my* sins in two hours? Two hours might serve for thee, boy, but for me two *years* would scarce suffice. Well thought, I'll make my will,—no, that would scarce occupy two minutes.

Laz. Alas! and is there no one, signor, might supplicate the King to spare thy life?

Don C. (*reflecting.*) No, no, boy; no one cares whether I'm shot or hanged!

Laz. No one?

Don C. No one! Yes—one——

Laz. (*eagerly.*) Oh, name him!

ARIA.

Don C. Hither as I came, one poor old man,
With silver hairs, and tear-drops in his eyes,
Wept that my life was wasted to a span,
And mercy importuned with bitter cries!

Laz. Thy father?

Don C. (*dashing away a tear.*)

Frantic were his looks, that poor old man!
With silver hairs, grief's accents on his tongue,
Lost in despair, before the guard he ran,
And held a document at least so long—

Laz. His sad petition thee to guard from ill?

Don C. (*affects to weep.*)

It was, alas! an unpaid tailor's bill!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! this one eternal dun,
Torment of earth, I shall at least outrun.

TRIO.

Don C.

Turn on, old Time, thine hour-glass,
The sand of life why stay?
Quick! let the gold-grained moments pass,
'Tis they *all* debts must pay.

Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life, which came, must go?
And brief the longest tide of years,
As waves that ebb and flow.

Laz.

Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,
The tide of life oh stay,
Nor let the golden moments pass
Like worthless sand away!

For him, oh! be there many years
Apart from every woe;
The blue serene which heaven wears
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

[*Enter* Don Jose.]

Don J.

Despite, old Time, thine hour-glass,
Turn quickly as it may,
His sand of life not yet shall pass,
If he my wish obey.

Of life there are full happy years,
If well the die we throw,
For May-day smiles and autumn tears
Are waves that ebb and flow.

[*At a gesture from* Don Jose, Lazarillo *exits* R.

Don C. Don Jose in my prison!

Don J. Ought that to surprise you? Am I not an old friend? As first minister I would exert my influence to serve you.

Don C. Serve me! (*Looking at clock.*) I have scarcely two hours to live.

Don J. Have you no last request?

Don C. Um, none! (*Recollecting.*) Yes, yonder boy, who just quitted us; I somehow take an interest in his fate.

Don J. Is he not the cause of your death?

Don C. Inadvertently. I owe him that—but then I owe something to everybody.

Don J. You wish me to take the lad into my service, perhaps?

Don C. That is my wish.

Don J. It shall be done; what more?

Don C. Nothing.

Don J. No! Is the last of the Garofas then content to perish like——

Don C. (*troubled.*) Hush! I fear to think of such ignominy. If his Majesty would but confer upon me the happiness of falling like a soldier?

CAVATINA—DON CÆSAR.

Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain;
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain.
Brave, manly hearts, confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask for that proud race
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die, the last, and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough—they murmur at my grave,
He like a soldier fell!

Don J. I pledge my honor to see this performed on condition——

Don C. Condition to me! What is it?

Don J. You must marry——

Don C. Marry! P! what, for an hour and three-quarters? You are jesting.

Don J. No! Quite the contrary.

Don C. Ah! then, I see, it's my name you require?

Don J. Perhaps——

Don C. To elevate some antique maiden, who sighs to become a countess—fifty years of age, no doubt?

Don J. It is immaterial to you.

Don C. And ugly as a gorgon, eh?

Don J. You will never behold her.

Don C. How! Am I to marry an invisible woman?

Don J. Her features will be rendered invisible to you by a thick veil, which will also prevent her seeing you; but you must give your honor not even to demand her name. Will you consent to take such woman for thy wedded wife?

Don C. I will! and I give my *word* to ask no questions whatever—ha! ha! And why *not* marry? Mind, on condition that I am to be *shot*, instead of *hanged!*

Don J. Agreed.

Don C. And that I see and carouse with the brave fellows commissioned to despatch me!

Don J. Strange request! However, be it so, a banquet shall be served, and your guards attend; and, as your costume is somewhat unbridegroom-like, you'll find apparel more suiting the occasion in yonder chamber. Please you put it on.

Don C. Oh, by all means. Attention to costume is necessary when one becomes a bridegroom. Ha! ha!

[*Exit* L.

Don J. Yes, yes, la belle Maritana, my prediction of thy advancement cometh quickly to pass—married to Don Cæsar, the *widowed* Countess of Garofa may

approach so near the King as to be ever fascinating his eyes and heart—but will Maritana consent to this blindfold marriage? I'll tell her 'tis the Queen's *command.*

[*Enter* LAZARILLO—*gives a paper to* DON JOSE.]

Don J. For me? (*Opens and reads it aside.*) Um! the King's pardon for Don Cæsar! It will not suit the first minister's policy that this should arrive at present. (*Puts it in his vest.*) Boy, at the request of Don Cæsar, I admit you at once into my service.

Laz. Thanks, signor—*to-morrow.*

Don J. Why not to-day?

Laz. To-day he lives who dies, alas! for me! I cannot forsake him till—— (*agitated.*) To-morrow, signor, I shall be as devoted to your service as I am now to his.

Don J. As thou pleasest. Go, tell them at the hotel yonder in my name to serve a banquet for at least twenty, and say to the Captain of the Guard I would speak to him in the outer room.

[*Exit* LAZARILLO R.

Don J. It is a desperate game I am playing, but the very thought of possessing the Queen brings memory back to the happy time I first beheld and loved her.

BALLAD.

(*Written by* ALFRED BUNN, ESQ., *at the request of the Author and Composer.*)

In happy moments, day by day,
The sands of life may pass
In swift, but tranquil tide away
From time's unerring glass;
Yet hopes we used as bright to deem,
Remembrance will recall,
Whose pure and whose unfading beam
Is dearer than them all.

Though anxious eyes upon us gaze,
And hearts with fondness beat,
Whose smile upon each feature plays
With truthfulness replete:
Some thoughts none others can replace,
Remembrance will recall,
Which in the flight of years we trace
Is dearer than them all.

[*Enter* LAZARILLO.]

Laz. How strange! a sumptuous banquet to be given! This must be some mistake—some——

[*Enter* DON CÆSAR, *in a costly dress.*]

(*Seeing Don Cæsar, and staring.*) I'm not awake!

Don C. (*gaily.*) Ah, boy! why, how you stare? Saw'st thou never a nobleman in velvet and gold before? Ah! here come our guests, and the banquet! Bravo, Don Jose! Welcome, friends! welcome to table! fill quickly!

Laz. Am I dreaming?

[*Enter* SERVANTS, *spreading a costly table, others with seats, then* SOLDIERS, &c., R. SOLDIERS *put aside their arquebuses behind the screen, then fill, drink, &c.*

Laz. (*troubled.*) Alas! whom see I? Signor, 'tis the Alcalde.

Don C. He's welcome; bid him enter. (*Soldiers all rise.*)

[*Enter* ALCALDE *and* OFFICERS, R.]

Alc. Don Cæsar de Bazan?

Don C. I, sir, am he. (*Alcalde gives sentence to* DON CÆSAR, *who reads it.*)

Alc. Your sentence now is changed. 'Tis the decree of the King you be not hanged, but shot; there, 'neath the fortress wall. (*Pointing.*) You, sir, see it done. (*To Officer.*) At seven o'clock; the warrant so commands.

[*Exit,* OFFICERS *follow.*

Don C. So; are they gone? That affair's settled. Let us to our cups. (*Clock chimes six.*) Six, by the clock! fill up and sing, no time to rehearse!

[*Enter* DON JOSE, *conducting* MARITANA, *dressed as a bride, and veiled.*]

Don J. Your bride!

Don C. (*to Soldiers, laughing.*) Fill! long life and a happy widowhood to my future countess!

Laz. (*with surprise.*) His future countess?

Don C. Aye, boy—why not? A bumper to the countess! Fill! (*Fills goblet.*)

SOLO.—DON CÆSAR.

Health to the lady, the lovely bride!
Length of years to her be given;
Like this brightly sparkling nectar,
Radiant with the light of heaven!

CHORUS.

Health to the lady, the lovely bride!

Laz. Life on her each bliss bestow,
Like this cup of rosy nectar,
May her hours with joy o'erflow!

(*During this chorus* LAZARILLO *withdraws the bullets from the arquebuses.*)

ENSEMBLE.

Don C. By this hand, so soft and trembling,
By those locks so sunny bright:
'Neath that cruel veil dissembling,
Youth and beauty hide their light!

Mar. Like the mist upon the mountain,
So this veil obscures my sight,
From this bosom palpitating,
Closing every beam of light.

Don J. Hark! the organ, softly pealing,
Calleth to the nuptial rite;
Time is flying—quick, be stirring
You must wed and die to-night!

Don C. and Mar. Lo! the organ sweetly pealing,
Calleth to the hallowed rite!
Ah! what mystery! no escaping!

Don C. I must wed, and die to-night!

Mar. I must be a bride to-night!

Laz. Yes, the organ, hope inspiring,
Calling to the nuptial rite,
Like a spirit seems to murmur,
No! he shall not die to-night!

CHORUS.

Hark! the organ, softly pealing,
Calleth to a nuptial rite;
Ah! what hear we?—task revolting!
He by us must fall to-night!

(*Clock chimes quarter past six, as all exeunt,* Soldiers *taking their arquebuses.*)

SCENE THE SECOND.

A magnificent Saloon, in the Palace of the Marquis Montefiori, *brilliantly illuminated.*

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Ah! what pleasure!—the soft guitar,
And merry—merry castanet,
Beguile the hours,
While balmy flowers
And sparkling wine,
With eyes that shine
Like wand'ring stars together met,
Chase from the heart all sad regret!
Let true delight each bosom cheer.
Since not a care can enter here.

WALTZ.

(*Fortress clock strikes seven; a roll of musketery is heard in the distance; the dance stops suddenly;* Marchioness *advances.*)

March. Holy Madelina! what sound was that? My nerves are absolutely aspen leaves.

Marq. Sweet, my Lady Marchioness, subdue this terrific sensibility; yonder sound, fair excellence, was a—a mere nothing; some ruffianly soldier, for drawing his sword in Holy-Week, condemned (as one of my rascals informed me) to be shot at seven o'clock.

March. (*with affectation.*) Dear me, Marquis, was that *all?* What a noise they make about trifles! Pray continue the dance.

Marq. (*admiringly.*) Amiable creature!

WALTZ. (*Resumed.*)

[*Enter* Don Jose, R.]

Don J. Marquis!

Marq. I'm enchanted to behold ——

Don J. Suppress these raptures, Monsieur le Marquis, and listen to me: I have conducted hither your *niece,* whom you lost some ten years ago.

Marq. My niece? Impossible! I have no niece, signor.

Don J. Oh, yes, you have; when I gave you the appointment of Grand Director of the Royal Menagerie, you promised to recollect whatever I wished. Stretch your memory a little, Monsieur le Marquis—I say you *have* a long-lost niece.

Marq. Oh, certainly, Don Jose; now you remind me, I recollect my pretty little niece well enough. Where is the dear infant?

Don J. Infant? um! During ten years' absence she is wonderfully grown up, of course.

Marq. Certainly, she must be in such a lapse of time; where is she? I'm all impatience. Is she handsome? like the family?—does she resemble me?

Don J. (*leading in Maritana.*) Judge for yourself; here she is! Madame la Countess de Bazan. Madame—Monsieur le Marquis de Montefiori, your noble uncle.

Mar. A Marquis my uncle?

Marq. But I thought Don Cæsar de Bazan, at seven o'clock this evening, was expected to ——

Don J. Join the present party, of course; yes, and this way, I perceive, he approacheth. You will apprise the Marchioness, your wife, of the return of her lovely relative—I'll follow instantly, and——(*bows the Marquis up.*)

[*Enter the* KING, R.]

Mar. (*joyfully, then with chagrin.*) He? No! another!

Don J. (*presenting Maritana to the King.*) The countess! (*Bows, and goes up to the Marquis, who is explaining to the Marchioness the suggestions of Don Jose. The company is invited to withdraw, as if to take refreshments.*)

[*Music as all exit but* KING *and* MARITANA.

King. Charming Maritana, my beauteous bride!

Mar. Bride!

King, (*with great tenderness.*) Oh! yes; mine. I could not live without thee. It seemeth to me, beautiful Maritana, as if love's bright genius had but created thy sweet presence to render this world an earthly paradise.

RECITATIVE.

Hear me, gentle Maritana,
By the magic of thy beauty,
Hear me swear, too, fair Gitana,
This fond heart beats but for thee.
A captive 'neath thy chains delighted,
Though its doom be dark and heavy,
By a smile of thine requited,
It would not, if it could, be free.

ARIA.

The mariner in his barque,
When o'er him dim clouds hover,
With rapture through tempests dark,
Beholds one star above;
Sweet hope then his bosom swells,
His every care seems over—
A smile, as from heaven tells,
Of home—of delight—of love.

[*Enter* DON JOSE, *hastily.*]

Don J. (*whispering.*) Sire, the guests return to the saloon—withdraw, I beseech, or recognized ——

King. And Maritana?

Don J. (*whispers.*) Her, at the appointed hour, you'll find at the Villa d'Aranguez—Sire, they come!

King. I depart; remember! (*Gazing at Maritana.*) Maritana! (*Sighs.*)

[*Exit* L.

Mar. (*joyfully.*) Gone! Am I free?

Don J. Yes, he is gone! you are free (*aside*) till midnight. Go, join the festivity, and anticipate every happiness; they come to invite you.

[*Enter the* MARQUIS, *inviting* MARITANA *to join the dance.*]

Marq. Sweet niece, shall we electrify them with a saraband, eh?

Mar. Dance? Willingly! The departure of yon dark stranger has removed a cloud from my heart; and a secret monitor whispers me that a much dearer object is not far distant, whose presence will quickly confirm every anticipated joy. [*She exits,* L.

Don J. She little dreams that other is no more! (*Exultingly.*)

[*Enter* DON CÆSAR *as a Monk.*]

Don C. (*touching Don Jose,* R.) Don Jose!

Don J. That voice! Who art thou?

Don C. (*unmasking.*) Don Cæsar, at your service!

Don J. Alive?

Don C. Yes, some benevolent fairy, I presume, withdrew the bullets from the arquebuses; not liking to disgrace, I won't say disappoint, my executioners, I fell; pretended to be shot; they walked away—I walked hither.

Don J. For what purpose?

Don C. To claim my wife.

Don J. Your wife! Who told you she was here?

Don C. (*laughing.*) The same good fairy that withdrew the bullets from the arquebuses; where is she?

Don J. (*pointing* R.) In that room; find her out yourself.

Don C. I will! Oh! I should know her from a thousand, if only by the softness of her small white hand. [*Exit,* R.

Don J. How to mislead him?

[*Enter* MARQUIS.]

Don J. Ah! this creature! Where's your wife?

Marq. Receiving the adulations of her adoring guests, as her lovely white hand touches the trembling lute! O—h! (*Sighs.*)

Don J. Ah! I have an appointment in my gift, Grand Master of the Aviary. Instruct the Marchioness to play a part as I direct, the appointment is yours.

Marq. I! Grand Master of the Royal Aviary, with a pension of ——. What part is the divine Marchioness to play, Don Jose? Is it on the lute? She'll suspend your every faculty with a single chord!

Don J. Bah! lute! no, no, I'll tell you. [*Exeunt* L

[*Re-enter* DON CÆSAR R.]

Don C. (*angrily.*) No wife there! Don Jose is trifling with me. I'll demand satis—fac—eh!

[*Re-enter* DON JOSE, *conducting in the* MARCHIONESS *veiled, and followed by the* MARQUIS.]

Don J. The Countess de Bazan!

Don C. Ecstasy! (*Aside.*) 'Tis her hand!

Marq. Eh? My wife Countess de Bazan! And that the man whom they shot this very evening? I'm petrified! I'll alarm all the——

Don J. Silence! remember the appointment.

QUARTETTE.

(DON CÆSAR *removes the veil.*)

Don C. (*with chagrin.*)
Ah, confusion!
What delusion!
With surprise I'm almost mute!
Who would win her,
Let him wear her;
I the prize will ne'er dispute.

March.
Oh, vexation!
Mortification!
With disdain I'm almost mute!
Thus to scorn me,
Can it borne be?
Marquis, Marquis, he's a brute!

Don J.
This delusion,
And confusion,
And regret, will me just suit!
He'll obey now,
And not stay now
Maritana to dispute!

Marq.
Oh, confusion!
Hence, delusion!
Soon this sword shall end dispute!
Thus to scorn thee,
Can it borne be?
Yes, dear creature, he's a brute!

Marq. (*touching his sword.*) I can scarcely restrain my rage.

Don C. (*laughing.*) Don't be indignant on my account, good marquis. (*Whispering.*) But even you, who are twice my age, would prefer single blessedness to a precious piece of antiquity for a wife like that.

Marq. Antiquity! If you don't admire her yourself, don't attempt to dishearten others. (*Retreats angrily with Marchioness.*)

Don J. Then you renounce a bride who has married you for your name alone?

Don C. Can you ask it?

Don J. Don't be too hasty, be advised by a friend; your wife is rich; sign a contract to relinquish her, and quit Madrid for ever: I'll ensure you an annual remittance of five thousand piastres.

Don C. Pen, ink, and paper,—'tis done!

Don J. They are here—write. (*Showing pens and ink on table.*)

(DON CÆSAR *sits at table,* R.)

Don C. (*sitting.*) You have only to dictate.

Don J. (*Don Cæsar repeating.*) Write! I, Don Cæsar, Count de Garofa, consent to quit the countess, my wife (*Maritana sings*), and Madrid for ever, on payment of——

[MUSIC. MARITANA *sings in the saloon*—DON CÆSAR *pauses to listen.*]

Don C. Eh! what's that?

Don J. Write! write!

FINALE.

(MARITANA *sings within*, "*Harp in the Air.*")

Don C. (*rising, and dropping the pen.*)
That voice! that voice!
'Tis hers, I swear,
With whom I at the altar knelt!

Don J. (*drawing his sword.*)
Cæsar! Cæsar!
Beware! beware!
Ere all thy danger yet be felt.

Don C. (*drawing also.*) I'll seek my wife!

Don J. 'Twill cost thy life!

(*At a sign from* DON JOSE, *a body of Soldiers enter and arrest* DON CÆSAR.)

Don J. (*pointing.*) Lo! a criminal before you
Fled from justice, guard with life.

Don C. But an instant, I implore you,
Just to know who is my wife!

Don J. No, no, no,
It must not be.

Don C. Her let me see.

Don J. and Guards. Away! away!

Don C. Stay! stay!

[*Enter* MARITANA, MARQUIS, MARCHIONESS, *and Guests*, C.]

Mar. Ah! what tumult here?

Don J. Her arrest too! Alguazils there!

[*Enter* ALGUAZILS, *who detain* MARITANA *at the back*, R.]

Don J. Him to prison—her that way bear!

Don C. (*struggling.*) Stay! stay!

Don J. To the Villa d'Aranjuez!

Don C. Away! away!

[DON JOSE, MARQUIS, *and* MARCHIONESS, *stand between* MARITANA *and* DON CÆSAR, *to prevent their seeing each other.*]

Don C. What mystery
Must now control?
It maddens—
It distracts my soul!

Don J. With mystery
Their steps control;
Their meeting
Would distract my soul!

Mar. What mystery!
Why thus control?
What horror
Now awaits my soul?

Marq., March., and Cho. What mystery
Doth thus control!
Not darker
Clouds when thunders roll!

Sold. and Alg. With mystery
Their steps control!
What anger
Hath enraged his soul!

Mar. (*struggling.*) Who is he?
Oh, let me see!
I will be free!

Don C. (*struggling.*) Her let me see!
Oh, let me free!
Let me free!

Don J. Away!
No, no,
It must not be!

Cho. Away! &c., &c.

GENERAL CHORUS.

What terrors dread
Each heart control!
What consternation
Fills each soul!

[DON CÆSAR *is forced off* L., MARITANA R., *followed by* DON JOSE. *Picture of consternation, &c., &c.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A magnificent Apartment, richly decorated with tapestry, mirrors, a portrait of the Virgin, &c. A table, on which is a candelabra, chairs, &c., doors R. *and* L., *at back a Corridor which overlooks the gardens of distant palace. Moonlight.* MARITANA *discovered surveying the apartment.* MUSIC.

RECITATIVE.

How dreary to my heart is this gay chamber!
Those crystal mirrors and those marble walls
Add to my gloom, while sweetly sad remembrance
The joyful hours of liberty recalls.
My lonely form, reflected as I pass,
Seems like a spectre on my steps to wait,
Inquiring from the cold enwreathed glass,
Can mighty grandeur be thus desolate?

ARIA.

(*Written by* ALFRED BUNN, ESQ., *at the request of the Author and Composer.*)

Scenes that are brightest
May charm awhile
Hearts which are lightest.
And eyes that smile;
Yet o'er them above us,
Though nature beam,
With none to love us,
How sad they seem!

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear,
For though they flatter,
They mock the ear:
Hopes still deceive us
With fearful cost,
And when *they* leave us,
The heart is lost.

[*Exit. Noise of a carriage heard to stop.*

[*Enter* Lazarillo.]

Laz. Madam, from the corridor I perceive a carriage; it is Don Jose de—eh! not here! (*Looks off* R.) I see—again plunged in melancholy. What can this mystery be? and who is yonder lady, so secluded?—a prisoner in this palace.

[*Enter* Don Jose.]

Don J. Lazarillo!

Laz. Signor! (*Bowing.*)

Don J. (*in an undertone.*) Where's the lady?

Laz. (*points off* R.) Signor.

Don J. Um! You saw the cavalier who spoke to me yesterday? Did you know his features?

Laz. Yes, signor, they are stamped on every piastre in Spain—it was the King.

Don J. True—but mind you make no mistake; nevertheless; if your memory fail in the least, look on this likeness (*gives him gold*), and when he comes here to-night——

Laz. The King, signor?

Don J. (*whispers.*) Aye, boy, the King—mind, none else must be admitted.

Don J. Should any other attempt?

Don J. Desire him, from the lattice there, to depart; if he refuse, be ready with your arquebus, and fire at him.

Laz. I obey, signor.

[*Bows and exits* L.

Don J. Having no real authority for the detention of Don Cæsar, he is, unfortunately, still at liberty, and in Madrid; luckily, however, his ignorance of the King's pardon will keep him out of the way, for fear of a re-apprehension; and the King, amused by the sparkling eyes of the Gitana, will utterly forget the beauteous Queen, that bright idol which he no longer worships, but for one sweet smile of whom Don Jose would how gladly perish.

ARIA.

No! my courage now regaining,
Banner waving, trumpet sounding,
Nobly daring, my gage maintaining,
Forward, heart of chivalry!
So the wounded knight untiring,
On his gallant steed rebounding,
At his lady's feet expiring,
Dies for love or victory.

[*Re-enter* Maritana.]

Mar. That voice!

Don J. Ah! The countess ——

Mar. You! Oh, do not mock me by that title.

Don J. Nay, it is your own, but you appear uneasy; have I not kept my word? (*Smiling.*)

Mar. (*despondingly.*) Perfectly. I *am* a countess—I reside in a costly palace. Every desire of my proud heart, save one, has come to pass.

Don J. And that one is, your *husband?* (*Making a signal off the stage.*) Your up of delight is now brim full; your husband arrives.

[*Enter* LAZARILLO, *showing in the* KING.]

Mar. Husband! he? (*Retreats.*)

[DON JOSE *retires with* LAZARILLO.

King, (*detaining her.*) Lovely Maritana, do not fly me. Wherefore tremble? Fear'st thou me?

Mar. (*sighing.*) Indeed, yes!

King. Thou art unhappy?

Mar. (*sadly.*) Indeed, indeed, yes!

King. Wherefore?

Mar. Pardon! This strange marriage—thou, so exalted, I so humble!

King, (*frowning.*) I exalted! Who hath told thee?

Mar. That brow severe—that lofty bearing; yes, yes, I feel so high thou art, I tremble to raise to thee one inquiring look.

King. Courage! sweet Maritana! Were the earth at my command, I'd give thee all. Don Jose told me thou would'st fondly receive my affection.

Mar. Don Jose falsely reared this delusion, haply to enrich himself with thy wealth.

King. Wealth! and would'st thou possess it also, it shall flow like the golden shower of Danæ into thy lap!

Mar. I—I disregard affluence.

King. Nay, Maritana; doth it grieve thee thy husband is endowed with riches?

Mar. Willingly would I share poverty with one who shared my heart.

King, (*tenderly.*) Listen to me, beautiful Maritana—listen!

Mar. You *are* my lord—I must obey.

King. Obey! Oh, it is too cold a word. (*A shot heard.*) An intruder into the presence of—(*checking himself.*) Go in till this be past; I'll follow soon, believe.

Mar. (*aside.*) Ah me! unlucky Maritana. [*Exit* R.

King, (*looking after her.*) The prize is mine! at length she believes all—all.

[DON CÆSAR *appears in balcony.*

King. Ah! a man here! (*Stands aside to observe.*)

[LAZARILLO *fires again without.*

Don C. That's one way of receiving a gentleman, by sending a bullet through his brains!

[*Enter* LAZARILLO, *the arquebus in his hand.*]

Laz. Don Cæsar! (*Disappears.*)

Don C. (*looking about.*) Eh? who knows me? (*Sees the King.*) Pardon, signor, I did not perceive *you.*

King. Why come you in at the window?

Don C. Refused admittance at the door, the window was the only way. Egad! a man needs a stout courage to storm a fortress under such a brisk cannonade. (*Shaking a bullet from his hat.*) It is but to show the tip of one's feather above yon corridor, and whizz comes a bullet at your head. Spirit of Hospitality, how are thy rights abused!

King, (*sternly.*) *I* am master here, and insist on knowing your motive for this intrusion.

Don C. Well, then, since you are master of the house, I come to seek the Countess de Bazan! They say, she lives here!

King. The countess? Do you know her?

Don C. Ha! ha! ha! She's the acquaintance of ten minutes only—but if you *are* master here, tell me where to find her.

King, (*indignantly.*) I tell! I! Are you aware, signor, that I am ——

Don C. Who?

King, (*in confusion.*) Wh—o! Don Cæsar de Bazan! (*Seating himself.*)

Don C. (*aside.*) Parbleu! I must chastise this impostor. (*Touches his sword.*)

Laz. (*appearing at the balcony.*) It is the King! (*Aside, and disappears.*)

Don C. Ha! the King! here, at this hour!

King. And who, signor, pray may you happen to be? Your name? ——

Don C. My name! Oh, if *you* are Don Cæsar de Bazan (*putting on his hat*), *I* am the King of Spain!

King, (*rising.*) You! King of—ha! ha! ha!

DUETTO.

Don C. Surely, as thou art Don Cæsar,
Yes, I am King of Spain;
Ha! ha! Yes, yes,
I'm King of Spain! (*Sits in the king's chair.*)

King. Insolent! thou the King of Spain?
(*Aside.*) I can't my mirth restrain.
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
The King of Spain!

Don C. Surely, as thou art Don Cæsar,
Yes, yes, &c.

King. The King of Spain!

Don C. The King of Spain! &c., &c.

Don C. (*with sarcasm.*) You marvel, signor, at this hour
We, unattended, here are seen,
So near a pretty woman's door,
That woman, too, is not Queen!
But kings, *you* know, like other men,
Sometimes, a little thus give way;
Kings are but mortals—Don Cæsar,
Of course, you'll not your king betray?
Of course!
Of course!

Don C. (*reflecting.*) Don Cæsar, now I remember well,
A witty, brawling, mad-brain'd sot!
Beneath his sword it was that fell,
The captain of our Guard, was't not?
Be kind enough to make it clear,
If shot, as ordered, t'other day,
And being dead, how come you here?
Of course, we shall not you betray.
Of course!
Of course!

King. Dread sire, your memory is short!
Don C. What forget we?
King. A most important thing.
Don Cæsar, at eight o'clock, received
The pardon of the king!
The night of his condemnation
He received the pardon of the king!
Don C. (*aside, smiling.*) Unhappy fate!
The pardon arrived at eight
And I was shot at seven!
King. You to denounce me were too late,
You see I am forgiven!
Don C. 'Twere useless longer to retain
A title not mine own
No! no!
King. Then, then, *you* are *not* King of Spain!
Don C. As you suspect, I ——
King. Then, sir, you are not King of Spain!
Don C. No, I my dignity forego!
King. Ha! ha! I can't my mirth restrain!
So very brief has been your reign!
Most high and mighty King of Spain!
Ha! ha! &c. (*Bowing in mockery.*)
Don C. No! no! I own my title vain,
And doff my borrowed plumes again,
To cry aloud, Vive! King of Spain!
No! no! I am not, &c.

[*Enter* LAZARILLO.]

Laz. Sir, in haste, a messenger. (*Gives King a paper.*)

King, (*reading it.*) Ah! from the Queen! Arrived there, at the palace, and expecting me! just now, provoking! Boy, call thy fellows up, and order straight they thrust forth yon stranger, and if our heavy anger thou'dst not incur, see it instant done. [*Exit.*

Laz. (*with remorse.*) Sire! I will. My benefactor, Don Cæsar, I had nearly shot you just now!

Don C. Never mind, boy—where's that lady? (*Looking about.*)

Laz. If you mean the mysterious lady who—ah! here she comes! oh, signor, beware! (*Alarmed.*)

Don C. I must speak with her; watch, let no one interrupt us!

Laz. Alas! what peril. [*Exit* L.

[*Enter* MARITANA, R.]

DUETTO.

Mar. A stranger here!
Don C. Is it thus we greet?
Mar. That voice! that voice!
Don C. Once more we meet!
'Tis the Zingara!
Mar. Yes, Maritana.
Don C. (*with grief.*) Oh, Maritana! wild wood-flower,
Did they but give thee a prouder name,
To place thee in a kingly bower,
And deck thee with a gilded shame!
Mar. No! Maritana, though in this bower,

Lips the most pure, shall never blame;
A captive, in a stranger's power,
She'll perish ere she yield to shame!
But who art thou, my conduct thus to scan?

Don C. I am thy husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan!

Mar. My husband!

Don C. Thy husband!
Yes, yes, I am the man.

Mar. (*joyfully.*) He is the man!
Thine for ever, is this faithful heart!

Don C. Yes, yes, thy husband, never more to part.
(*He attempts to embrace her.*)

Mar. But, how to prove it? Dost thou remember
Those words, which, at the altar, thou said'st to me?

Don C. Yes, yes, I'll prove it! I said, remember,
"The rest of my existence, I devote to thee!"

Both. Yes, yes, oh, joy { 'tis he! / 'tis she!
My husband!
Thy husband!
Mine!
Thine!
This heart with bliss o'erflowing,
Like the nectar-bubbling wine!
In the light of heaven glowing,
Thrills with ecstasy divine!
My husband!
Thy husband! &c., &c. (*They embrace.*)

[*Enter* Lazarillo.]

Laz. Fly, signor! guards approach the palace!

Mar. (*troubled.*) Save thyself! Escape!

Don C. Leave thee, my wife! the King at thy chamber-door!

Mar. In yonder garden walketh the Queen; I saw her from the lattice above! fly to her feet, tell her that poor Maritana is here, a captive, in peril—she will rescue me!

Don C. She—this sword ——

Mar. No, no the Queen *alone* can, will save me! if you love me, do as I entreat! to the Queen, to the Queen!

Don C. To the Queen.

[Music. *Exit by the window—she turns to the portrait of the Virgin, and falls on her knees.*

ORISON.

Mar. and Laz. Holy mother, guide his footsteps!
Guide them at a moment pure,
When the wicked fail and perish,
When the good are all secure!
Sainted mother, oh, befriend him,
And thy gentlest pity lend him!

Laz. That step! *it is the King!* (*Retires.*)

[*Enter the* King. *Re-enter* Don Cæsar, *who locks the door.*]

King. Why lock'st thou the door?

Don C. That none else hear what now I dare to utter; thou art my King—thou'st my dishonor sought—my wife insulted—thus I that wrong repay!

(*Throwing down his sword.*)

King. Intruder! what ho! who waiteth?

Mar. To death they'll drag thee! by the lattice fly!

Don C. (*to King.*) Sire, an instant hear me!

CAVATINA—DON CÆSAR.

There is a flower that bloometh
When autumn leaves are shed,
With the silent moon it weepeth
The spring and summer fled.
The early frost of winter
Scarce one tint hath overcast,
Oh, pluck it ere it wither—
'Tis the memory of the past!

It wafted perfume o'er us,
Of sweet though sad regret,
For the true friends gone before us,
Whom none would e'er forget.
Let no heart brave its power,
By guilty thoughts o'ercast,
For then a *poison* flower
Is the memory of the past!

King, (*with emotion.*) Away! I spare thy life.

Don C. Sire, I bear a mission.

King. A mission!—thou? From whom?

Don C. Sire, from the Queen! who would save Maritana!

King. How! did they dare admit thee to the presence of her Majesty?

Don C. No, sire, they did *not* admit me by the portal, therefore climbed I the garden wall, resolved to cast myself, unlooked for, at her Majesty's feet.

King, (*angrily.*) What sought *thou* of the Queen? Audacious!

Don C. To save my wife: that effort saved my King!

King. Thy King!

Don C. At least, his honor! To avoid the notice of the guards, hidden behind the foliage I heard, in converse deep, two voices, a woman's and a man's. Shall I go on?

King. Proceed.

Don C. "Madam, you are betrayed," said the cavalier to the lady; "the King to-night meeteth his mistress in yonder villa."

King. And that traitor was——?

Don C. Don Jose!

King. And the lady?

Don C. The Queen!

King. The Queen! Oh, shame!

ENSEMBLE.

King. Oh, shame and dishonor
Such anguish impart,
It seems as a serpent
Were 'twined round my heart!

Mar. Remorse and dishonor
Their anguish impart;
Oh, may they subdue him,
And vanquish his heart!

Don C. If shame and dishonor
Such torture impart,
Ah! what can requite us
For guilt in the heart?

King. Unlock the door, I say, and let me forth!

Don C. Sire, thou wouldst arrive too late.

King. Too late, say'st——

Don C. Think'st thou Don Cæsar de Bazan spared the man who, though scorned by his Queen, to whom he spoke of love, would have betrayed his King? No, sire, by this true hand the traitor fell. I have done my utmost to preserve thine honor—canst thou destroy mine? (*Kneels.*)

King, (*much affected, and making a sign to Maritana, who gives him Don Cæsar's sword.*) No, Don Cæsar, and may that loyal sword, which has so preserved the dignity of your King, ever defend with equal bravery thine own. Rise, I hear footsteps. *Now* unlock the door.

(Don Cæsar *unlocks the door.*)

[*Enter* Lazarillo, Officers, &c., *of the* King's *Household.*]

Noble. Sire, we have sought you at the request of her Majesty——

King. And found us in the villa of Count de Bazan, one of our most loyal subjects. Don Cæsar de Bazan, we appoint you Governor of Grenada.

Don C. Valentia is also vacant, sire.

King. Would *you* prefer Valentia to Grenada?

Don C. Valentia is one hundred leagues from Madrid, sire, and beyond the reach of my creditors.

King, (*laughing.*) Well, well, Governor of Valentia, be it, then!

FINALE.

With rapture glowing,
Grief no longer one pang bestowing,
Beats this heart with soft love o'erflowing,
Ev'ry care subdued to rest,
By truth requited!
In this bosom, each sorrow blighted,
Love and joy evermore united;
Oh, what transports fill my breast!

(*Taking each other's hands.*)

Yes, love requited!
Hand and heart thus with bliss united,
By the smiles of kind friends lighted;
Oh, what rapture fills each breast! &c., &c.

END OF THE OPERA.

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